

2024

My Soul's Awakening

Ramsceair Jacques Flemmings

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Recommended Citation

Flemmings, Ramsceair Jacques, "My Soul's Awakening" (2024). *Writing Beyond the Prison*. 49.
<https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/writingbeyondtheprison/49>

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Finally, I have been able to see through their lies!
Those raging illusions that oftentimes pillage my mind.
Oh, how mighty were those witching voices riding upon the sun.
Toward the currents of the mind, they traveled with a beating drum.

Bliss filled their old hearts when they stumbled upon untouched lands;
Delighted old crones with bags of defiling bones tossed them on the sands.
Across the plains, they heard my groans; dark magic fueled my dreams.
With swift might and a blinding force, my soul began to scream.

Familiar faces obtained by weird vassals were used to deceive.
Oh, why has their dreadful plight been able to bring me to my knees?
Mighty King of the Heavens, save me from this impending doom,
Bring my incompleteness into thy Holy palace, don’t leave me marooned.

Please, prevent these apathetic offspring of bane from spawning,
Fill me with thy powerful sight that sees beyond the ruse of yawning.
After my heart had spoken, the healing of truth had begun;
Those delusional dreams are no more thanks to the Glorious One.

Now that I am able to understand, I have become a threat.
As the moon's sweet tunes ascend, I am no longer vexed.

Genre: Poetry

Tags: Religion; Mental health